

*Banker sits at desk, denying building on fire.
Door flings open to reveal interior of giant
prophylactic, spangled Uncle Sam with fireman's hat.*

-Get in here! balky banker. You're rescued!

-I'll join you, but further communication must be
through my lawyers.

Conversation in "tunnel"

-Not here to arrest but to help, o paranoid one.
Go ahead and order the new granite countertops for
your vacation palace.

-I'd have to see the bailout details. And I've been
reading vindictiveness against my class!

-That's the liberal press. They want justice, of all things.

-Well, last thing I want!

-Stop worrying. I promise that your nervous gas'll begin smelling
like roses pretty soon!

-I'm worrying!

-Hasn't Uncle always taken care of you? And has he always helped
you fuck the suckers?

-Amen.